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Notice.

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News from Paris.

The season concluded leaves us few topics of home interest to discuss. Our readers will, therefore, not be sorry to receive the following letter from our Paris correspondent (who has too long been silent) in place of the usual leader. If the matters it treats of are not altogether new, they are, at least, of some importance.

Paris, July 27th.

Dear D—

I have abstained, lately, from writing you, for several reasons. Two will suffice, however. I have been very idle and very unsettled, and therefore, neither inclined, nor altogether able, to supply you with news. The other reason was my unwillingness to trouble you at so busy a period as the London musical season. I see you have had your hands full, with concerts, the opera, and what not. I have read you hebdomadally with much pleasure, and am not sorry to find you coming into many of my own views. You recollect our ancient quarrels about the opera, the ballet, and other things I need hardly recapitulate. Awhile ago, the opera was not thought worthy a consideration in the pages of the "Musical World." Now, glad am I to see it occupy no unimportant share of your columns. Your readers will be gainers—for surely, in a musical journal, one has a right to expect a history of what occurs in the most gigantic musical establishment of Europe.

We have been very dull here of late. All our stars have wandered to other systems. Our singers here, our dancers there, our fiddlers and pianists any where but at home. At the *Academie* we have been going through the regular old routine of *La Muette*, *Robert*, *La Juive*, &c. No novelty is yet spoken of but the new ballet of Adolf Adam, *Le Diable à quatre*, which is in rapid progression. I hear that the music is delicious, and beats *Giselle* hollow. The charming Car-

lotta—Carlotta Grisi—is to sustain the principal rôle. On the first night of the ballet we are to have the revival of *Richard de Palestine*, an opera by Adolf Adam, of which I sent you an account on the occasion of its first production last Christmas. You would have been pleased to witness the enthusiasm which greeted your favourite Carlotta Grisi on her re-appearance last Friday, on the boards of the *Academie Royale*. The ballet was *Giselle*, and never was the fascinating danseuse more graceful, more poetical, more wonderful. All the world here is full of your *Pas de Quatre*, about which the London papers are so profusely eulogistic. The metaphrastic Jules Janin has ventured an article upon the subject, which is more remarkable for its verbosity than its truth. In apostrophising the four queens of the dance, he says Taglioni depended upon her laurels, Carlotta Grisi upon her beauty, Cerito upon her freshness, and Lucile Grahn upon her talent, for maintaining their positions before a British public. Nothing can be more absurd. Janin dubs Cerito "The forbidden fruit"—"The unknown"—because, forsooth, she has never appeared before the Parisians. That admirable artist need not repine at this, since she has won her laurels from the severest public in Europe. When will Paris be able to convoke a celestial *Pas de Quatre*? Never—such a brilliant event is only for green Albion. It ought to be registered in the skies, among the achievements of the ancient demigods and heroes. Surely the constellation of the *Pas de Quatre*, with Taglioni—Carlotta—Cerito—Lucile Grahn—stars of the first magnitude—and a host of attendant satellites—would be a more interesting astral phenomenon than the *Ursa major*, or the *Ursa minor*. The only danger would be that the *North star*, irresistibly attracted by the brightness of the constellation, might incontinent wander from his sphere, and leave the poor navigator guideless and forlorn. Moreover, all the world would be astronomers if Taglioni, Carlotta, Cerito, and Grahn were among the stars—and then we should lack butchers, bakers, tailors, painters, bricklayers, men of letters, and musicians.

Poor Henri Herz, the pianist, composer, and manufacturer, has been dangerously ill—but I am glad to say he has got over the crisis, and is now progressing rapidly towards convalescence. He is an amiable as well as a clever man, and every soul in the artist-world of Paris felt a deep interest in his recovery. He will soon be able to resume his duties at the *Conservatoire*.

I hear that Meyerbeer will not visit Paris, at present. He is detained by the King of Prussia to superintend the fêtes at Stolzenfelds on the Rhine, in honor of Her Britannic Majesty. By the way, all the world is talking of the forthcoming Beethoven Festival. Of course you will be there. The papers here assert that Queen Victoria will preside with

her admirable spouse, at the inauguration of Beethoven's statue—but I think this is not the case. Her Majesty will pass some weeks in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, and will shortly repair to the Castle of Stolzenfelds. "This castle," says the *Siecle*, "is one of the curiosities of the Rhine. Formerly it was nothing but a picturesque ruin, appertaining to the town of Coblenz; the authorities not knowing what to do with it made a present of it to the Prince Royal, now King of Prussia. A passionate lover of Gothic architecture, the illustrious proprietor at once conceived the project of reconstructing and repairing the ancient ruin as nearly as possible after the supposed model of its primitive appearance. The princely wish was soon accomplished, and Stolzenfelds arose from the summit of the cliffs which hang over the left bank of the Rhine, in all the glory of its foregone magnificence. Nothing can be more striking than its position—nothing more graceful and original than this charming little castle, carefully tinted with a tender brown color, and adorned with a fresh touch of age. One cannot sufficiently admire the finely scooped ogives, the elegant turrets, the pretty loopholes, swaggering so coquettishly in their assumed antiquity." The *Siecle* makes itself very merry with the musical professors in Paris, all of whom have real or fictitious invitations to adorn the *fête* with their presence. "Under penalty of being regarded as mediocrities," says the malicious *feuilletoniste*, "they can in no way dispense with the invitation to the ceremony of the inauguration of the statue of the great musician; lest they should lose all consideration in musical circles, it is absolutely essential for them to repair to Bonn with trumpet and drum." I shall anxiously look for your account of the proceedings.

A young lady has been exhibiting with success on the violoncello, at Herz's *salon*. Her name is Mlle. Christiani. She has since, I hear, produced much sensation at Vienna. You see my predilections of Felicien David have been confirmed in England. I was certain the Londoners would not relish him. Madame Dorus Gras has been singing at the court with brilliant success. She has just quitted Paris, but I cannot enlighten you as to her destination. The charming and talented Madame Claire Hennelle has returned, to the great delight of her friends and admirers, who are very numerous in Paris. Adieu for the present.

Always yours,

S. S.

Drury Lane.—The French Opera.

The Brussels' Company closed a brilliant season on Friday night with the *Huguenots*. We are not aware whether the speculation of bringing over a French opera company, in the very thick of the season, has answered the high expectations of the management, but from our own observation, we should pronounce it eminently successful. Of the many operas they produced separate during a short stay here, those which told best for the treasury were *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, and perhaps *La Muette de Portici*. The last named opera did not, in many respects, please us in the *tout ensemble* as much as the other two. Old scenery, indifferent dresses, and most of the ballet music omitted, some insignificant portions of bad *divertissements* being interpolated with any thing but good taste, made but poor comparison with the manner in which *Masaniello* was first produced in England, with Braham for its hero. Nor can we compliment the orchestra on its performance of this

music. We have seldom heard the overture played in a more slovenly manner, and the whole of the first two acts were deserving of little commendation. Albert, who played the hero, has a fine chest voice of much sweetness and some power, fully equal to the best interpretation of the music, as far as vocal capability is concerned, but we cannot think highly of him as a musician, nor did we ever listen to a singer who played more extravagant vagaries with the *tempo*. He was nearly half a bar behind the orchestra while singing the first barcarole. Much praise is, however, due to him in the latter portions of the opera. He gave the famous sleep song with infinite expression, and his last scene was graphic and forcible. The *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots* were produced with the greatest possible completeness in every department. One would have thought Meyerbeer's frantic fits accorded more with the power of the Brussels' Company than Auber's passion. It is scarce within our means to do full justice to the performance of the *Huguenots*. Never was any thing witnessed within the walls of any theatre in London, more perfect than the representation of this *chef d'œuvre*, as it is called. The orchestra, the principal singers, and the choruses, left nothing to be desired. One of the greatest and most faithful representations of character we ever saw on any stage was Zelgers's Marcel. A veritable Huguenot—cold, stolid, and determined, gaunt of form, and sullen of feature, he passed before us the vivid likeness of one of those victims of religious persecution, whose natural passions are absorbed by the fire of hate, whose face is no index to the devouring revenge that eats into his soul, and whose scant and frigid words convey no prognostic of the enthusiasm that, in the hour of death, elevates him to martyrdom. This was a great intellectual personification. Madame Laborde, in Marguerite, displayed her wonderful powers of vocal agility, and, in the first song, does not yield the palm even to Dorus Gras in that respect. Laborde and Madame Julien, in the hero and heroine (Raoul de Nangis and Valentine) are equal to any dramatic singers we have seen of late years. The gentleman is deficient in grace, and his figure is small and mean, but he has great energy and is a superior vocalist. In the earlier part of the opera, during the first three acts, the character of Raoul is merely subsidiary, but in the fourth act, it comes out with great force. Here, both Laborde and Madame Julien displayed powers of no ordinary kind. The far-famed duet, which the moralists pronounce a little too Parisian, was given with intense feeling and passion. This scene, for dramatic skill, is, indeed, a *chef d'œuvre* of the composer's. The theatre responded on all sides with acclamations, and the lady and gentleman were summoned before the curtain every night. Of the music of the *Huguenots* we have hardly made up our minds as to the merits. That it is a wonderfully dramatic work we admit, and will even award the greater portion of its power to the composer; but that, as a work of art and genius, it should stand beside "William Tell" or "Masaniello," we cannot burn out of us. Meyerbeer's *forte* seems to be a great knowledge of contrast, which he applies in every possible manner in his operas. There is no doubt that at times this produces very startling effects, and when we hear his music for the first time, it has a certain hold on the ear which surprises us into a kind of gratification. But this contrast, or opposition of colouring, is carried to such an extent in the *Huguenots* as to become extravagant and incongruous. The absence of melody, too, is greater in this opera than any other of the composer's. There is scarcely a phrase which the quickest ear could take away after hearing it a second time. We are

aware his admirers point to Marcel's "Piff, Paff" song, the "rub-a dub" chorus, the duet we have mentioned above, and other portions of the opera, as works that entitle the composer to the name of an original genius. To his originality we have not the slightest objection to subscribe, but that he is deserving the lordly title of genius, our perception has not verified and our conscience cannot proclaim. Nor do we, while depriving him of the loftiest order of intellect, depress him to that level so many, even among musicians, have endeavoured to do. Meyerbeer, we consider a man of very great abilities, but totally deficient in inspiration—that fire of the mind which no art can supply, and without which, no work can "breathe the life that dieth not." It must have been in one of his satirical moods, or perhaps smarting from the consciousness of the *Guillaume Tell* neglected while the Parisian world were running wild about the *Huguenots*, that Rossini gave that answer to one who asked him why he had given up writing, and why he did not compose an opera for the Academy;—"What need," said he, "has Paris of me as a Composer? Have they not already Mademoiselle Bertin, Meyerbeer, and Mademoiselle Puget." We hope the success the Brussels' Company has met with in London will induce them to return to us next year. They have many operas in their *repertoire*, which we are desirous to hear performed in the same admirable style as *Robert le Diable* and *Les Huguenots*.

D. R.

Mr. French Flowers and his very Little Fable.

[We have been requested to insert the following answer to the "Little Fable" of our clever contributor, Mr. French Flowers, which appeared in our last number but one.—Ed. M. W.]

When Mr. French Flowers exercises his pen on a subject with which he has apparently some acquaintance, such as fugues and counterpoint, he is immediately assailed on all sides by writers in your journal, some of whom, of late, have hit him rather hard across the knuckles—yet, when he applies the same pen to that of which he is as manifestly ignorant as an Esquimaux is of electricity, he is passed over in silence, which proves that either your readers trouble themselves anent nothing but music, or that this "very little fable" of Mr. French Flowers is read with the contempt that excites no response. Now, I have always considered Mr. French Flowers quite a learned man; for, though knowing nothing of music, I have a very tolerable notion of the weight of words, and when Mr. Flowers displays his *alla capellas*, *dominants*, *tonics*, and *cathartics*, with his universal and fierce antagonism to every thing except Sebastian Bach and fugue writing, I feel a sort of misty respect for that talent which so often recommends itself by its incomprehensibility. Besides, there is a boldness of attack, a defiance of retort, an independence of Lindley Murray, in the letters of Mr. French Flowers, which go a great way with me, and show me the writer who would stop at nothing to obtain the magnificent ends—whatever they might be—at which he aims. But Mr. French Flowers having tried his musical pinions, (querer, *o-pinions*?) and found or thought he could make a very pretty flutter, has doffed his *ailes de fugue*, and essayed a flight with new-fledged wings of parable and apologue into a clearer ether. The modern Icarus has fallen a "deeper fall" than the son of Dædalus, and the Ægean sea

of ignorance into which he has tumbled must, we fear, evermore incapacitate him from soaring in any region whatsoever.

Mr. French Flowers' very little fable is directed against the use of a newly-invented instrument, much in vogue, for rendering the fingers flexible in pianoforte playing, giving them strength, extension, and equality. This instrument, called the *Chirogymnast*, is neither meant to exclude nor supply exercise playing, but to facilitate and accelerate execution by gymnastic exertion. It is evident Mr. Flowers has never seen the *Chirogymnast*, for he has entirely mistaken its intention, and we cannot suppose his mind so divested of the rational as to be unable to comprehend what seems simplicity itself. We certainly have heard of men whose intellect was so prodigious in one branch of art that they were absolute fools in every other: but Mr. French Flowers being very far from a prodigy in any respect, we may allow him a sufficient share of comprehension in that which every one may understand: argal—we say, Mr. F. F. has never seen the *Chirogymnast*: Q. E. D. Mr. F. F. commences his fable by putting two boys into training for running a race: the one takes his exercise every day, after the manner of nature—the other has an instrument made after the manner of the *Chirogymnast*, and instead of applying his limbs to the natural motion required in running, "he stretches, pulls, and rubs them," and takes no other exercise. Oh! Flowers, Flowers, thou king of bouquets! Nature may have intended you for a fugue writer, but Old Nick himself never projected you for a logician! The boy who takes the natural exercise of course wins; while the other, who was accommodating himself for a tumbler, not a runner, irritated at his defeat, utters the most dreadful deprecations against *Chirogymnasts* in general, and patentees in particular, and throws himself into three or four paroxysms of despair. Poor fellow! We trust Mr. F. F. will give us due notice how he gets on. Had he followed the course of nature, at the same time aiding and assisting her by means which would have increased the resistance in motion and obtained a greater amount of muscular exercise, he would have doubtless come off the vanquisher. In training horses, they run them in thick shoes and heavy clothes, that in the race they may feel themselves free from the resistance. It is precisely in this way the *Chirogymnast* provides its training. There is no "pulling and rubbing." There is nothing required by the *Chirogymnast* but what must be absolutely done on the piano. To stretch an octave with ease—to give power and equality to all the fingers—to hold the hand properly—and all in precisely the position the piano demands, is a *priori* elementary instruction; and this is inculcated by the instrument Mr. F. F. repudiates and laughs at. So much for Mr. Flowers' "most lame and impotent analogy." Mr. Flowers knows as little about the NERVES OF WILL, of which he prattles a good deal, as he does of analogizing. In his opinion, NERVES OF WILL, in their exercise, supply every want in every art. Why then do dancers use pulfies to extend their legs? Why are dumb bells used to give ease and grace to the body? What necessity at all for gymnastics? If fingers require flexibility, will Nerves of Will alone supply it? Is not piano practice a severe gymnastic exercise? And will not any invention which facilitates and abridges the practice be a desideratum to the young pianist? Nerves of Will can no more of themselves advance the art of playing, than the theory of acoustics can instruct a learner to modify a fugue. Mr. Flowers admits that all the leading musicians, at home and abroad, have given the highest testimonials in favor of

the instrument, and argues against this admission, "that these men had not gained their flexibility of fingering by means of the *Chirogymnast*, and that therefore they are no more able to decide on its merits than the student." Admirable critic! So that men who had laboured for years in acquiring elasticity and agility in fingering, who knew every difficulty to be surmounted, and consequently must know the means by which such difficulty could be lessened, were as little capable of judging of any supplianee for intense mechanical practice as the merest tyro on the piano. Good! very indifferent good! This egregious nonsense reaches its climacteric when we are told that such men as Sterndale Bennett, Herz, Thalberg, Liszt, Czerny, Kalkbrenner, Moscheles, Cipriani Potter, Cramer, Wallace, and a hundred others whose names are guarantee for their belief, and whose fame needs no petty puff-advertisement to be bruited abroad, "have given their testimonials in favor of the *Chirogymnast* for the sake of circulating their names about, and to show they were worthy of being consulted." Fudge—Fudge—three times Fudge. When I first perused this letter, or rather this "very little fable," I had some vague notion that Mr. French Flowers was a wag, and intended to make his debut in the "*Musical World*" as a wit; but, on reading it a second time—God spare me a like infiction again—I could discover nothing but a paradoxical swagger, whose utmost efforts never soared even into the regions of tolerant nonsense. French Flowers—French Flowers! take a friend's advice—stick to your murky elucidation of counterpoint and fugues; these will be unto you a shield of darkness, behind which your incapacity may hide itself from recognition; but never again in your hottest hour of temerity and egotism venture into the broad sunlight of analogy and reasoning.

Sebastian Front.

Covent Garden Flower Market, July, 1845.

Extracts from the Letters of a Friend in Germany.

My dear Friend,

Godsberg on the Rhine.

Here I am, escaped from the busy London crowds—safe from the elbowing and squeezing in the pit at the Italian opera—or the chance of being pent up in a corner of a concert room, with no possibility of getting out until the finish of the 34th piece of the programme, which, though composed of every thing that, separately, might form "a *bonne bouche*" to a connoisseur, would require a giant's digestion to swallow altogether without detriment. No full dressing, tight boots, and going to musical parties at ten o'clock, here—all is rusticity, sublime nature, the majestic Rhine (the Rhine wines not to be forgotten) rocks, ruined castles, birds singing—not in cages, but in the blue sky—getting up at four in the morning, and, after a healthy "climb" over hill and dale, a glad repose at ten at night. One great comfort is, that, on the Rhine steam-boats, there is rarely any music allowed; or, if so, only such as would give pleasure to the most fastidious musical ear. I heard a little band of about ten performers play Haydn's symphony in D, whilst we were at dinner upon deck, excellently; after which, the first violinist played some "Variations" of Mayseder with such good taste, full tone, and skilful bowing, that I candidly told him I had often heard very inferior playing at the great concerts in London and Paris. He evidently did not believe me, and with true German modesty attributed my praise to the excitement of a first-rate table, good pure wine, delightful company, and, above all, the exhilarating and magnificent scenery. I have had but little opportunity to hear any thing of note in the concert and opera way, and confess to you that I am not sorry for it. After a London season one requires some rest. At Mayence, groping homeward one night to the hotel, at ten o'clock, when most good citizens are in their beds, and darkness reigns supreme—gas-light being as yet "*non inventus*"—I saw a distant light, to which I directed my steps, and found a goodly number of young men from the lower ranks, by torch-light, preparing from their books to perform a serenade. They sang some of the most popular songs of Mendelssohn, &c., for four male voices, admir-

ably in tune, and with much feeling and earnestness. The scene had so much of true German simplicity, and the first tenor such a soul-thrilling voice, that, *sub rosa*, I confess to a few tears. Take into consideration the picturesque light—the beautiful effect of male voices, particularly in the open air—my long absence from my native land—and perhaps my weakness will find some excuse. The serenade was dedicated to the handsome daughter of a wealthy butcher, of the good town of Mayence, and the nocturnal performers were all butchers' journeymen. It is surprising to hear the lower classes throughout Germany singing in parts with such invariable correctness and good intonation. The circumstance denotes the justly famed national musical talent, and also sufficiently indicates the beneficial influence of a plain, musical instruction at schools. The difference is most agreeably felt, in coming—with the recollection of the unharmonious (to say the least) singing in English churches—to Germany, where the perfection of the choirs adds so much to the solemnity of the church service.

(To be continued.)

Rothschild and Horace Vernet.

(From the Morning Post.)

One of the most pungent anecdotes connected with the fine arts which we have for a length of time met with attaches the name of the *millionaire* to that of the greatest and most original artist of the age. In a former number of the *Morning Post*, a correspondent (it may perhaps be remembered) gave a critical analysis of the large painting of "The Capture of the Smala of Abd-el-Kader," which has since been exhibited at the Louvre. Amongst the other points upon which the critic dwelt was the masterly introduction of a Jew flying from the charge of the French amongst the jostling herds, who, mad with agony and terror, appeared to be rushing through the front of the painting. It seems that immediately upon the exposition of this noble picture, the figure of the flying Jew became the principal attraction in the gallery. Successive groups poured before it to chuckle at what appeared a fortuitous resemblance, until drop by drop, as such stories leak out, its history stole gradually into circulation; and the reason for which Vernet consecrated the head of the Rothschilds to immortal ridicule became the most popular and interesting *cancan* in the Salons. It would appear that the wealthy Jew paid a visit to the atelier of Horace, to know whether the master would paint a portrait of him, the Rothschild. Vernet of course consented, and was asked to name his price. "Three thousand francs," answered the painter. And the sum was small enough, in all conscience, as the price of a portrait by such a master. Arago has given six or seven times as much for a landscape by Gudin. "Nonsense," said the Rothschild, with the true spirit of a huckster, "you can never intend asking three thousand francs for a portrait." "No," said Vernet, on reflection, "it ought to be four." The Jew tried to beat down the painter, but the only effect his arguments had were to make Vernet raise his price successively to five and six thousand francs, and the *millionaire* left the atelier to the painter. On the succeeding day, however, he returned to try the power of persuasion still upon the man of the brush. He had inflexible material to deal with. "This time, M. Rothschild," said Horace, "I have reflected more maturely upon the subject, and the price of the portrait will be twelve thousand francs." This obstinacy of the painter almost made the dealer in stock and scrip mad. He expostulated for a long time in vain. At last Vernet said, "Well, M. Rothschild, if you will, I must paint your portrait for nothing." The pride of the *millionaire*, of course, spurned such an offer. "Impossible," he said; "in that case I shall not sit for my portrait." "Excuse me," said the master, politely bowing him out, "but you have done so." The opening of the Louvre solved the meaning of the painter's words, and they who laughed first at the painting, laughed even more when they listened to the legend.

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Notes, notes, forsooth, and nothing!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. XXX.

THEATRICAL MUSIC.

It has always appeared to me, in considering the state of the art amongst the people, that the absurd custom of invariably employing an orchestra, however small or however bad it may be, at every establishment where theatrical entertainments are the prominent feature, has

tended much towards degrading music, with many persons, into a mere jockey on the drama.

The blind observance of this law compels the lessee of every theatre, not only to engage a band, but a director of the music, who is forced to prostitute his own talents by producing compositions which he must himself despise. If a melo-drama, for instance, be brought into the theatre and accepted, a memorandum of the music required is immediately given into the hands of the composer to the establishment, who is pledged to have it ready on a certain day. As he is usually well up in the business of the stage, however, this is a work of little time. Tender strains usher in the "acknowledged heroine," and grim discords announce the villain; "hurries" are got ready for the combats and struggles, and a comic song for the faithful countryman. As the principal female character has, of course, been inveigled from her native village, the overture must contain a reminiscence of her happy home, which reminiscence will probably be repeated during the final *tableau*, when the father, mother, and three or four villagers, who have walked five hundred miles over the mountains in search of her, bend over the heroine, and point up to the skies.

All this, to the composer, is a mere mechanical matter, which may be acquired, like every other mechanical matter, by practice; but the fact is that the possession of an orchestra continually urges managers of theatres to commit all sorts of musical absurdities simply because they imagine that, if the orchestra and the composer have not something to do in every piece produced, they are really paying them their salaries for nothing. Thus we often have songs introduced, which, if the drama be really worth anything, are invariably regarded as interruptions to the dialogue, and, in the afterpieces, the audience are continually compelled to submit to miserable attempts at Tom Tug, or some other stereotype musical character, which may enable the light comedian of the company to delude himself into the belief that he is singing. This ridiculous struggle between music and the drama is not only displeasing to most of the auditors, but it actually does injury to the progress of the art. Many orchestral players, in consequence of their theatrical training, are notoriously unfitted for the performance of first-rate compositions; and composers, who might probably have developed talents of the highest order, are forced to submit to write and think of "theatrical music" until their ambition is crushed, and their success is measured solely by the receipt or non-receipt of their weekly salary.

I have spoken of the music necessary to be got ready on the production of a melo-drama, but it is obvious that in the ordinary routine of a theatre, where operatic entertainments are never performed, for whatever purpose the music may be required, the class of composition suited to the taste of the audience must be that which no composer but one who has been almost brought up within the walls of a theatre, can at all bring himself to write. The majority of the band, too, who have usually spent the greater part of their lives in this particular occupation, are so little accustomed to consider music as any thing beyond a mere accompaniment to the action on the stage, that, save in the overtures, which are generally scamped through during the slamming of box-doors, and the whistling of the impatient critics in the gallery, scarcely any composition ever comes before them which can really be called a work of art.

Let us now ask ourselves this simple question. What is the use of an orchestra in any establishment except one expressly devoted to operas? When the curtain falls after a burst of intense passion in a drama, does it add to the effect for the band to commence one of Strauss's waltzes, or the *menuetto* and *trio* from one of the classical symphonies? Is it not absurd in any drama, from the highest to the lowest, to have a band suddenly introduced, having no connexion with the plot, and merely preceded by a few lines to pave the way for it? Assuredly even the most constant play-goer, who rushes breathlessly to the theatre on the first night of a new production, will fully agree with us on this point, and would as gladly dispense with the orchestra for the sake of the drama, as we would for the sake of music.

But it may be asked, if we were to get rid of an orchestra in all our theatrical entertainments, what would become of the many instrumental performers who would be thus thrown out of employ? To this I answer, most decidedly, that it is the very best thing that could occur for them. The concert-room or the opera-house are their only legitimate homes, and, as soon as it felt that there are instrumentalists in the market, and that theatres have discarded the idea of music, concert-rooms will be opened throughout the metropolis, and, not only will orchestral players receive constant employ, but they will speedily become fully capable of executing the works of the great masters. It is the very fact of the theatres employing orchestras at this moment, which prevents this idea from being fully carried out; for, as every young performer, as soon as he is competent, immediately applies for a theatrical engagement, it is utterly impossible to obtain, at any reasonable price, an efficient band for a concert room. The performance of really good music, at rooms where the price of admission should be within the reach of all, would materially benefit

both the instrumentalist and the composer. "Theatrical music" could then no longer exist; and the taste for the art, created amongst the people by the constant habit of hearing some of its finest specimens, would speedily give rise to the demand for, and eventually lead to the establishment of, a National English opera.

The Broken Heart.

BY DESMOND RYAN.

And are we thus for ever parted,
Afar as Fate can sunder wide—
Unblest of Hope and broken hearted?
Ah! what can Sorrow ask beside?

Why did we meet so soon to sever?
Why suffer those fond dreams to be?
Why cherish thoughts whose smiles can never
Dissolve our night of Misery?

Why did we love? Oh! why, forgetting
The dread obstructions that oppose,
Why turn our souls from vain regretting,
To hopes more dreary than our woes?

No more these eyes again behold thee—
No more that hand I fondly press:—
These arms in fancy may infold thee,
But never—never shall caress.

Our vows of love I'll ponder over—
My tears shall sanctify that love;
Thine image round my soul shall hover
And wait me mercy from above.

Great God! who view'st thy insect creeping
Thro' sufferance beyond control,
Who see'st this brow—this bitter weeping—
This sleepless agony of soul:—

Almighty Father! if in praying
An early grave I durst implore,
In pity all thy wrath allaying
Forgive the dust thus trampled o'er!

Farewell! too soon thou may'st forget me,
For other ties are thine, but I
Have none to love me—to regret me—
To share my tears—to share my sigh.

And when, some happier fate befalling,
Another's homage-vows are thine;
O, ask your heart, the past recalling,
Can love like his atone for mine.

Farewell! the last sad word is spoken—
The waste of Life awaits me now;
Crush'd—wither'd—blasted—bow'd and broken—
The brand of Cain is on my brow.

Verbes for Music,

BY J. H. JEWELL.

"Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, 'till it be morrow."

SHAKESPEARE.

Good night, good night!
It cannot, cannot be
Good, when it bringeth nought to me but sighs;
Save when I dream of thee,
And in my fancy gaze upon thine eyes—
Sweet stars of light:
Seeming more dear for me alone to prize;
Good night!

Good night, good night!
Why sever—sever me—
From all I love! let Sol his covert break,
Then Nature, once more free,
Shall bid her harbingers of day awake
With morning's light;
Parting's sweet sorrow, doth of joy partake—
Good night!

To Carlotta Crisi.

Exquisite choregraph—bright-eyed Giselle—
Why should thy beauty ever fade and dim?
Why must the charm of youth and poetry
Not clothe eternally
Each delicate line and limb,
Which tremble like a soft and vaporous birth,
Over the painter's wild and verdure-bearing earth?

Exquisite phantom—why not smile for ever
Above the rose-branch crouching o'er thy tomb,
Like some sweet shadow of the buried past,
Fading, alas! too fast
Into the midnight gloom?
Must the voluptuous sadness of each glance
Become alone a memory of the dance?

Is it all perishing Art, bright-eyed Giselle?
And can a loveliness so utterly
Fade from the adoration it endows
With joy?—Man's doom allows
Only too transiently
To warm rare moments with the gorgeous spell
Of dreams, like this of thee, bright-eyed and dear Giselle.

Sonnet for Music.

BY GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN.

Do I still love thee, Kate? Oh! yes,
With all the force that Mem'ry clings,
Mid'st stores of forgotten things,
To long past days of happiness.
Oh! days of happiness!
Thou, in those days, wert young and fair,
With budding charms, and (scanty now)
With clust'ring curls around the brow,
Which now is traced with lines of care:
Yet! do I love thee less?

And Manhood's Springtide then was mine,
And with us all was bright, for Youth
And Love clothe every thing with truth
And happiness, like mine and thine!
Oh! days of happiness!
And what, tho' Time's unsparring hand
Hath o'er our heads its shadow laid,
Our hearts less warm or true has't made?
Or can it weaken love's firm band,
Or! do I love thee less?

Original Correspondence.

LUNN, *versus* FLOWERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir,—

John Dennis, the critic, happening to be at a bookseller's where Pope's "Essay on Criticism," just published, was lying upon the counter, took up the volume to glance at its contents, when the following passage met his eye:—

"Some have, at first, for wits, then poets, passed;
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last."

No sooner had he comprehended the full force of the satire, than he turned pale, closed the book, and throwing it with force upon the counter, exclaimed, "Means me, by G—d!"

This incident has been forcibly brought to my mind by the conduct of your correspondent, Mr. French Flowers. The moment a letter appears attacking prejudice, bigotry, and superstition in music, Mr. Flowers feels himself personally aimed at, and, like the critic aforesaid, seems to labour under the necessity of proclaiming his unfortunate peculiarity to the world, instead of wisely keeping it to himself. A letter from this gentleman on the subject of my "Musings," has just met my eye; and, if any thing had been wanting to convince me of the necessity of doing

my utmost to rescue the art from such artists, I feel convinced that this would have additionally nerved me to the task. I have neither time nor inclination to reply to any attack upon opinions advanced by me in the pages of the "Musical World;" and, as Mr. Flowers' effusion contains nothing more than a fierce assault upon my name, and the motto affixed to my papers, there is still less reason why I should be expected to answer it. Attacks upon my name, are, of course, beneath my notice, and the unmerciful mauling of my motto, instead of my arguments, reminds me too strongly of the boy, who, having been ill treated by a person too strong for him to contend with, immediately ran and hit his little brother.

It of course requires no "synopsical review" to explain the "tendency" of such an epistle as this; but, as Mr. Flowers appears to imagine that by his assistance the intention of many of my papers might be made much clearer to your readers, I sincerely trust that he will carry his intentions into effect, and I promise him that I will endeavour to snatch time enough every week to read them.

I have here mentioned names for the first time, and I faithfully promise that it shall be the last. Your pacific correspondent, Mr. French Flowers, deals in language which I should be extremely sorry to imitate; and, even if I had ever conceived the idea of entering into a controversy, I trust that I have too much regard for myself to come into contact with any person who could calmly write such a communication to the editor of a journal as the one which appeared last week. Should any letters on the subject, therefore, in future come under my notice, they will remain by me unanswered. In taking leave of Mr. Flowers, and of any other correspondent who may feel himself the champion of musical conservatism, I beg to assure them that I love them all, but that I love the art better. My "Musings," with the same motto, and with probably much more radical opinions than have yet been expressed, will appear every week until their conclusion.

I remain, dear Sir, very truly yours,

HENRY C. LUNN.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—

July 28, 1845.

Owing to severe indisposition I have not been able to see my article entitled "Address to Parents and Guardians" until to-day. It is best to state that a bad MS. has occasioned several typographical errors, which in many instances either have changed the tenor of my ideas, or made them very obscure indeed. I trust and request that you will do me the justice of inserting this apology on my part in your next number.

J. L.—r.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Mr. Heditor,—

Not having heard nothing of the "Country Puntists Society" lately, as we call 'em in our parts, I presume they're either hemigrated or died an unnatural death. How I sorry for this 'ere, if sich is the case, 'cause since the disease of old Joe, we're had but preshus few good puns. Punch sartainly gives us now an' then summat spicay to laff at, but then he don't pun like old Joe. No, no, Miller was the boy, "we shan't never see the like agin," as the old song says. I've often wonder'd why you Lunnan people should call 'em country pun-tists, unless 'tis, as most people say, "that every thing as is good cums out of the country:" mind, I've no wish to be personable, but, being a country man myself, I can anser for sum things. Let's see, I think the man as had the gittin up of these country pun-tists was one French Flowers; now, as I likes nothin French, I an't sorry as he didn't make it anser—them foreners as too much sway here; and I'm sorry to see as our good little queen patternizes 'em so much. It's true "talent is the birthright of no country," as sumbody said the other day; but I'm of opinion that a leetle more fostering of native talent, would show that old England an't behind no country in nothin in the world—no, not even the *Musical World*. Look at Balfie, Mr. Heditor, nobody was never poplarer than he; and I dare swear never will be. Didn't the people go in crowds to see the Bo-heaman Gurl? and an't this a cry-tear'en of native talent? Don't talk to me about country pun-tists, and all sich rubbish! Did French Flowers or any other French man ever write a hopera like this? Why "I dreamt that I dwell" is a bel of an air, compared with "Had a Lady;" don't tell me about Beat Hoven, I say Balfie beats 'em all holier. Now, Mr. Heditor, couldn't you come the *Punch* now and then, and give us summat to laff at; them ere letters of yours 'bout scales, flats, and sharps, is very well for your country pun-tists, but we country folks wants summat to raise up our rise able mussells, as the doctors calls 'em.

I am yours, &c.,
JON NOLAN.
(Mr. Nobbs may laugh at the expense of his own jokes—they are good (or bad) enough in all conscience.—ED. M. W.]

THE PRINCIPLES OF HARMONY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir,

In your "Musical World" for May 22nd, I see an article entitled—"THE PRINCIPLES OF HARMONY," in which the discovery of "the Grave Harmonics," by Tartini, is alluded to but slightly. Since the era of that discovery, the principles of musical harmony have been much simplified. A very beautiful experiment may now be made by the following means. Let Bass G—Tenor G—Tenor D—Treble Clef G—Treble B—Treble D—and Treble F, a little flat, be attuned into perfect concordancy, upon a free-toned pianoforte, or rather upon the open diapason or a smoothly tuned trumpet-stop of an organ. Let there be added to these the higher Treble G a perfect eighth-note to Treble Clef G, and higher Treble A a perfect fifth-note to Treble D; and let all these notes be considered as numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9. After a little careful attention the listener will perceive that the string or the pipe No. 1 gives, besides its own sound, all the other sounds which I have proposed, as well as other sounds which I shall not at present denominate. Combine the notes 1 and 2, and the careful experimenter will perceive that the note No. 1 is doubled. Combine the notes 2 and 3, and he will perceive that the notes Nos. 1 and 2 accompany them. The notes 3 and 4—the bold combination about which so much has been fruitlessly written—will reproduce the sounds 1, 2, and 3. The sounds 4 and 5—one of a tribe of the most useful and beautiful combinations—draw into their train the sounds 1, 2, 3, and 4, and so on. Combinations of the sounds 1 and 3—3 and 5—5 and 7—and 7 and 9, are accompanied by similar resulting sounds.

In so far as my experience goes in respect of the organ, I find that similar selections of notes which commence either at Bass B flat, or at Bass E flat, or at both, are already pretty nearly prepared to the hand of an experimenter, by the peculiar temperament which is used to tune that instrument.

Yours truly,

J. M. X.

THE ENHARMONIC SCALE AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir,

July 24th, 1845.

My professional engagements have prevented my redeeming my pledge to you, on the above subject, up to the present moment, which a slight relaxation now enables me to do. I contend, that no accurate division of the monochord has yet been ascertained, whereby the *exact* relative position of the sounds of the natural diatonic scale can be established by mathematical demonstration:—much more that of the chromatic and enharmonic scales. I am of opinion, likewise, that the mathematical demonstration of the former scale is not to be found in a *relative division* of the monochord at all; and further, I believe that it cannot be based upon mathematical calculation any more than the laws of gravitation can, and that we cannot *even test* it upon such principles. And lastly, I fully believe that the different major diatonic scales have not the slightest variation in their form, although their pitch is changeable, and that G sharp is not A flat, or F sharp G flat, &c., and that upon these matters alone rest the clearance up of the "subtle and mysterious subject" so falsely called by some of your correspondents. Some persons like the dark and mysterious, and reject the bright and apparent! But the days of such mock learning are numbered, and its votaries daily waxing smaller under the influence of the mighty march of mind!

The musical mathematician! may *gravely* tell you that the octave to a given sound (say C) on the monochord is produced by taking away half its length; the *fifth* (G), by taking off one third its length; the *third* (E), by depriving it of one-fifth its length; the *minor seventh* (B flat) by cutting off three-sevenths. Beyond this he does not venture to proceed upon the same mean length of string, and he is driven to the necessity, even at this short stage, to admit that this division is not *quite* perfect—but he has not a better. Then to obtain the second note of the scale (D), he is obliged to substitute another monochord of the same tension (if he can get it?) and one third longer than the original, which he will tell you gives the octave below the fifth (G). This he deprives of one-third its length, and thus obtains his object satisfactorily to his own views. Now he numbers in his acquirements, the first, second, third, fifth, and eighth of the scale, and also one sound which does not belong to the scale, viz., the minor seventh (B flat), being a singular incongruity in the matter of the major diatonic scale of C. Well, his next point is to arrive at the major seventh, which he accomplishes by an octave monochord (G) to the last, and taking away one-fifth its length, obtains his third B upon the same principle on which he obtained his (E) on the original monochord. Now lacking

the fourth (F) or the sixth (A) the next step is to obtain these; this is the rub! He hesitates!! Two ways force themselves to his mind with regard to the former; viz., shall he take it by fifth from a new monochord, one seventh longer than the original, and of the same tension, corresponding to the octave below the minor seventh (B flat), and thus be consistent in theory? or, shall he make a fresh start and take it by supposition? He has a great mind to adopt the latter, for he sees in a vision what a practical result his theory will run him to, and what a delightful scape-goat stands between his darling object and the real practice of the subject. He is in a dilemma—of course he is—he cannot avail himself of the opportunity without ruin to his credit as a mathematician, so he clings to the wreck which ultimately destroys him. The new monochord above is strung and the fifth (F) taken from it upon his usual mechanical method, and now for the rich (A) to complete his task. Shall he take it as fifth from a new monochord strung to D? or as third tone strung to F? His best chance is from F, and this he knows—so here he completes his scale. Now for the result: the identical sounds, produced by the divisions of the strings, have been transferred to an instrument, for the purpose of retaining them. Well, the calculation has been consistent and the exact sounds have been caught and retained, but the ear repudiates the order, and cannot tolerate them without a fresh temperament being given to them. The fourth and sixth are too flat; the second, fifth, and major seventh, too sharp, while the third and octave may be passable. Can any one, with these stubborn facts before him, have faith in the division of the monochord, as a settlement of the question?

I believe the natural scale (diatonic major) to be a series of sounds, arbitrary and fixed in their nature, because mathematical calculation cannot find them out. If I am right, we cannot precede its existence, and we must found our notions upon the bundle of facts it contains alone and not upon any favorite chimera of our own. The diatonic major scale, then, is the rule, the ear is the guide to the relative distances of the sounds; and after that we may find the different scales, chromatic and enharmonic, by calculation if we will—not before—this is the beginning of the matter, and every thing antecedent to it, in my opinion, is idle speculation, as far as true practice is concerned, and not worth a moment's real consideration.

In going through the sounds of the major scale, we shall find five larger intervals of equal size and two smaller intervals of equal size, bearing a proportion of five to eight of the larger ones. Now, this the ear decides; and, as musical scales address themselves to the sense of hearing, the ear must be the judge of those sounds, and all connected with them, as regards the present discussion.

The natural diatonic scale is represented as follows: C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, and is called C major. By the introduction of a flat upon B, we obtain the major scale of F. Will any one assert the new key note, F, is not the identical sound (F) found in the C major? or that the step, between the A and the B flat, is dissimilar to that between E and F in the C major? If this were true, how could we modulate from the key to its subdominant? By the introduction of an F sharp to the original scale, we obtain the major scale of G. Could we modulate from a key to its dominant if the dominant sound were not identical to both? or the latter scale a perfect resemblance of the first? The next major scale we arrive at, in progressing with sharps, is D, then A, then E, then B, then F sharp. Now, if F sharp were identical with G flat or rather G flat identical with F sharp, in modulating from tonic to dominant (whether we substituted one or the other), the effect would be the same, viz., an outward march; instead of which, a different route immediately ensues, we tack about, come back again, but not by the same road. When we get home again on C, if that sound were identical with B sharp, by taking it so, and progressing as before, from tonic to dominant, we should arrive in due time first to F double sharp, then to C double sharp, then to G double sharp, then to D double sharp, then to A double sharp, then to E double sharp: and this said E double sharp would be the identical sound to F sharp and G flat. If, on the other hand, we take the key note, B sharp, before mentioned, and modulate from tonic to subdominant, this will be the result—From B sharp to E sharp, to A sharp, to D sharp, to G sharp, to C sharp, to F sharp, to B natural, to E, to A, to D, to G, to C, to F, to B flat, to E flat, to A flat, to D flat, to G flat, to C flat, to F flat, to B double flat, to E double flat, to A double flat, to D double flat. Then this said D double flat would be the identical sound with B sharp and C natural, and there would be no difference between the keys of B sharp major, C major, and A double flat major, save in nomenclature, which is an absurdity. It is sufficiently manifest, therefore, that G sharp is not the same sound as A flat, nor F sharp that of G flat, and this alone would establish the existence of an enharmonic scale; but we will look further, and endeavour to define the actual difference, which is another point raised in the general discussion of the subject by your numerous, enharmonic, and anti-enharmonic correspondents.

That the diatonic semitone is greater than half the whole tone, may be practically proved as follows: viz., by singing the major scale of C descending, and ascending to the seventh B, then taking the B as tonic, and singing its major scale in the same way; then take the seventh (calling it B flat) for tonic, sing its major scale as before, then take the seventh A for tonic, sing its major scale, then take the seventh G for tonic, sing its major scale. If you sing these scales perfectly in tune, when you arrive at the last scale, you will find you have gained a diatonic semitone, and you will be singing F sharp instead of G. Secondly, by singing the major scale of C ascending and descending to the second D, singing its major scale and descending to its second E, singing its major scale descending to its second F sharp, singing its major scale descending to its second G sharp, singing its major scale descending to its second A sharp, you will find yourself correct, if you sing them perfectly in tune, which you must satisfy yourself you do, before the thing can be fairly tested. This will prove the tones to be perfectly equal to each other, and the diatonic semitones equal in themselves also. When this is done, you will be convinced that F sharp is a lower sound than G flat, and G sharp a lower sound than A flat. Figures will then prove the difference to be exactly a quarter-tone, and this accounts for the enharmonic-change being so harmonious, yet so sudden; whereas others mostly bear but a fractional and compound-fractional part of the same.

I am, dear Sir, your's, truly,
EDWARD CLARE.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)
To the Editor of the "Musical World"

Dear Sir,—
Permit me, through the medium of your journal, to caution country professors from being imposed upon, by having purloined copies of my advertised works sent them, which cannot happen if they forward their orders to the appointed agents, or through any respectable music-seller. To prevent disappointment, I have determined to sign every copy with my own hand, and none henceforth can be considered genuine which is without my original autograph on the title-page.

I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,
EDWARD CLARE.

PS.—Vide the "Times" of May 2, 1845.

Review.

"The Welsh Harp"—ballad—H. BRINLEY RICHARDS.
(Chappell.)

The poetry, by E. Gilbertson, Esq., is expressive, and admirably written. Mr. Richards has been happy in finding a melody (in G major) full of grace and tenderness, which he has harmonized and accompanied in his accustomed musician-like style. The ballad is, moreover, essentially vocal, and its studied simplicity of character will alone present a charm to the great majority of singers, amateur or professional. Mr. Weiss has effected no little for the popularity of "The Welsh Harp," by the truthful and fervid manner in which he has, on more than one occasion, interpreted it at our public concerts.

Provincial Intelligence.

CHELTEMHAM.—A Morning Concert has been arranged for Friday the 29th of next month; for which Mesdames Rossi Caccia and Brambilla, Signori Moriani, Pierri, and Gallinari, have been engaged. The Castellan and Fornasari Concerts are already advertised.—(*Cheltenham Looker-on.*)

DUBLIN.—An operatic company, consisting of Messrs Harrison and Borroni and Miss Romer, have been performing here during the last fortnight to good houses. The novelties produced were Balfe's Operas of *The Enchantress*, *The Daughter of St. Mark*, and *The Bohemian Girl*. Mr. Borroni made his first appearance before a Dublin audience, and at once established himself as a favorite, by his fine voice and correct style of singing. Miss Romer, who undertook Mad. Thillon's arduous part of Stella, in *The Enchantress*, performed the part admirably, and was nightly encored in "Woman's Heart." Jullien's unrivalled promenade band will arrive here on the 31st Inst.

Miscellaneous.

MUSICAL TELEGRAPH.—At one of the last meetings of the Academy at Paris, a plan for a musical Telegraph was exhibited. At each end of the connecting wire there is a mechanism for repeating sounds. The inventors are Dr. Saintard and the engineer, Gillet.

THE SEQUENTIAL SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION.—Mr. Arthur Wallbridge gave the first of a series of four lectures on the above subject, at Blagrove's Rooms, on Tuesday evening last, in which he ably set forth the many artificial obstructions, which, in consequence of our present difficult notation, at present, surround the musical student. Clefs, five line staves, flat and sharp keys, were ruthlessly attacked by the lecturer, and a simple and natural mode of writing all keys was exhibited on a board consisting of a staff of three lines, which staff precisely contains the octave. Most of the points told strongly with the audience, who, throughout the lecture, appeared deeply interested in the subject. At the conclusion Mr. Wallbridge, in a neat address, expressed his earnest desire that the matter should be fairly investigated, and his conviction that if true, if possessing the elements of vitality, it must, sooner or later, supplant the heterogeneous mass of obscurities which at present obtain. We heartily wish Mr. Wallbridge the success he deserves, and shall be happy on every occasion to lend him our support.

A GERMAN'S OPINION OF THE ENGLISH MUSICAL PRESS.—A great improvement has taken place in the sphere of musical criticism in England. The redaction of the *Morning Post*, late in weak and partial hands, has been transferred to the intelligent poet and musician, Morris Barnett. This circumstance has great influence upon the other journals, since the *Morning Post* is the organ of the ruling party, and contains more of art and science than any other paper. Amongst those journals entirely devoted to music, the *Musical World* (much enlarged and improved) is the best. It is edited by the composer, Davison, whose name we have frequently had occasion to mention most favourably. A somewhat undue partiality for English composers is remarkable in its pages, but this is in a great degree excusable in an English publication.—(*Leipsic Musical Journal.*)

HERR SZEPAŃSKI. This eminent guitar player gave a *matinée musicale*, on Monday, June 30, at the Princess's Concert room, which was extremely well attended. In addition to his admirable performances on the guitar, which achieved their usual brilliant success, the concert-giver made his first appearance as a violoncellist, in which character he acquitted himself to perfection, developing talents of the highest order. He was assisted by many eminent artists, both in the vocal and instrumental departments, and the concert appeared to give universal satisfaction. We are sorry that a press of matter has prevented our noticing this concert sooner, but we have now much pleasure in thus giving evidence that the omission has been unavoidable. We must however specialise Miss Christiana Weller's charming performance of W. V. Wallace's "*Le Rêve*," in which we hardly knew whether most to admire the composition or the execution—Mr. Weiss's bold and manly delivery of Rossini's "*Deh ti ferma*"—Mr. J. B. Chatterton's brilliant interpretation of a harp solo—M. Sainton's masterly violin fantasia—and Mr. W. H. Holmes's perfect method of accompanying the solos and vocal pieces.

MASTER LEOPOLD SILBERBERG.—The concert of this talented violinist took place on Wednesday evening, the 23rd of July, at Blagrove's Rooms. Master Silberberg performed Mayseder's *Variations brillantes*, (op. 40), the *Adagio* and *Rondo* from De Beriot's second concerto, and a *Fantasia brillante* on some of Bellini's airs, in all of which he displayed a remarkable mastery over the instrument, and delighted every body present by his artistic mode of bowing. He is a pupil of the celebrated Ernst, and we should say one of his most worthy disciples. We have not space to name the several vocal and instrumental pieces in detail, but we cannot help noticing a very elegant song by Mr. J. F. Duggan, chastely interpreted by Mr. Wetherbee, which was warmly and deservedly applauded. Mr. Benedict conducted with his usual great ability, and the concert gave the highest satisfaction to the friends of this rising young artist.

MISS VAN MILLINGEN.—This rising and talented vocalist gave an evening concert on Thursday, the 3rd of July, at Blagrove's Rooms, at which she was assisted by a host of professional talent. The fair concert-giver, who has a fine voice, and an unassuming style, was much applauded throughout the evening, and we have every hope of one day seeing her attain a high rank in the profession. The conductors were M. Jules de Glimes, and Signor Pilotti. Miss Van Millingen is at present at Norwich, where she is engaged to sing at several concerts.

JULLIEN and a select band have departed for the provinces. Signor Camillo Sivori, the celebrated violinist, has joined the party, and will perform solos at each of the concerts. The enterprise and judgment of M. Jullien, will, we trust, meet with their usual brilliant success.

THE LATE MR. MITCHELL.—Let us once more call attention to this distressing case, which is well deserving the commiseration and assistance of all benevolently disposed persons. The address of the parties is given in our advertisement, and ocular proof may be had of the truth of their statement.

MR. F. B. JEWSON, the eminent pianist, started yesterday for Paris. He will return to London in September.

MR. BARTHOLOMEW, the well-known translator of German songs, has received, through the Chevalier Bunsen, a golden medal of merit from His Majesty the King of Prussia, as an expression of his august satisfaction with Mr. Bartholomew's admirable adaptation of Mendelssohn's *Antigone* to the English stage.

MENDELSSOHN has almost completed his new oratorio, which will be performed, for the first time, at the *Cicilienverein* of Frankfort. The great composer has also finished a second piano forte trio, which will speedily be presented to the public.

JOSEPH JOACHIM, the celebrated youthful violinist, has composed a concerto for the violin, and a quartet for stringed instruments, of which report speaks highly.

M. PRAEGER, the pianist and composer, has returned to England, from a visit to his friends in Germany, in company with his brother, the eminent artist.

MADAME DULCKEN is at Chaud Fontaine, in Belgium. She will be present at the Beethoven Festival, at Bonn, on the Rhine.

BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.—Among the artists and amateurs, resident in England, whose intention it is to be present at the inauguration of Beethoven's statue, are Messrs. Moscheles, Dulcken, Leopold de Meyer, Crivelli, Hogarth, Morris Barnett, Ferrari, C. Kenney, H. Wyld, French Flowers, L. Leo, J. W. Davison, &c. &c. Vieuxtemps, Ernst, Godefrid, Jules de Glimes, and a host of foreign artists of eminence will also be present.

DUBLIN.—Mr. Henry Russell has given fifteen concerts here during the last month, with brilliant success. The *locale* was the splendid new music hall, the property of Mr. Mackintosh, the well known leader at the Philharmonic Society's concerts, an excellent musician, and one of the most highly respected artists in Dublin. The concerts were both honorable to the popular vocalist who supported them by his talents, and to the *entrepreneur*, Mr. Mackintosh, who after the conclusion of Mr. Henry Russell's engagement, presented him with a superb silver tea service, as a mark of respect for his ability and as a token of acknowledgment of the complete success of the speculation.

THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.—Mr. Henry Russell's concert for the benefit of the family of this lamented man of letters, took place last night. We shall give full particulars in our next.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER, the celebrated "lion-pianist," has been astonishing the audiences at the Haymarket Theatre with his wonderful performances on the piano. He first appeared at the benefit of the charming and talented actress, Miss Julia Bennett, and his success was so great, that Mr. Webster, the spirited lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, engaged him to play every evening during the present week on the most liberal terms. M. de Meyer has been encored on each occasion with the utmost enthusiasm and unanimity, the members of the orchestra joining zealously in the applause. He has performed among other pieces the *Marche Marocaine*, the *Lucrece Borgia* fantasia, the *Lucie di Lammermoor*, the *Marche du Serail*, the *Airs Russes*, the *Notturmo in D flat (Le Depart)*, and several other of his most popular compositions.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER is engaged for six concerts at the Park Theatre, New York, through Mr. Simpson, the well known and intelligent agent for American theatricals and musical affairs. The London agents who have transacted the engagement are Messrs. Power (from the United States) and Mr. Albert Schloss. Leopold de Meyer will take his departure on the 23rd of September.

MASTER RIPPON, the pianist of eight summers, has announced a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, for Wednesday evening, August 6, when he will perform selections from the works of some of the best masters, ancient and modern. Much curiosity is excited by this infant pianist.

SCOURING THE PROVINCES.—A party consisting of the following artists will make a tour through the provinces at the end of next month:—Madame Rossi Caccia, Madame Brambilla, Signor Moriani, Signor Gallinari, and Signor Puzzi. Another party, consisting of Madame Castellani, Miss Dolby, Signor Brizzi, and Signor Fornasari, will also give concerts at several places in the country.

ARTOT, the violinist, who visited this country two years since, died a fortnight ago at Paris. He had not attained his 29th year. He was a favorite pupil of Baillot and Kreutzer.

MOSCHELES AND THE PHILHARMONIC.—The following letter was addressed by Mr. Moscheles to the Philharmonic orchestra at the end of the season:—

To the Members of the Philharmonic Band.

3, Chester Place, Regent's Park,
July 9, 1845.

Gentlemen,—

The Philharmonic season being concluded, I shall not have an opportunity of meeting you in a body before leaving town. Allow me, therefore, to say in a few lines, how truly gratified I felt, from concert to concert, by the growing understanding between us, and, above all, by your Monday night's performance.

I have on former occasions had the honour to be your conductor, but then, meeting for once in a season, we were comparative strangers to each other; now, however, that we have worked together through five arduous rehearsals, and have at five successive concerts appeared with our united efforts before the public, I have gained an unlimited confidence in your powers, and have to thank you for your readiness in receiving and executing my suggestions. This will ever afford me a gratifying recollection.

Believe me, gentlemen, always to remain,
your friend and well wisher,
J. MOSCHELES.

This letter is honourable to the distinguished musician who wrote it, and to the gentlemen of the orchestra to whom it was addressed.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.—The following are the particulars:—
Dates—Tuesday, 16, Wednesday, 17, Thursday, 18, and Friday, 19th September, 1845. **Locale**—St. Andrew's Hall. **Principal vocalists**—Mesdames Grisi and Caradori Allan, Miss Poole and Miss Dolby, Sig. Mario and F. Lablache, Messrs. Hobbs, Hawkins, Machin, and Herr Staudigl. **Leader**, Mr. T. Cooke; **Conductor**, Mr. Benedict; **Organ**, Mr. Turle; **Singers and Chorus**, 280; **Band**, 120 performers. On Tuesday evening, a grand miscellaneous concert, beginning with Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and Handel's "Alexander's Feast," in the first part—and a selection from classical and popular composers, in the second. Wednesday morning—Purcell's "Jubilate," a hymn of C. M. Von Weber, songs from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," with Haydn's "Seasons." Wednesday evening—Grand concert; Mozart's symphony in G minor, selection from Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Second part, miscellaneous. Thursday morning—selection from Mozart's "Requiem," Spohr's "Calvary." Thursday evening—Grand concert; Beethoven's symphonies in A and C. Mendelssohn's music to Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Second part, miscellaneous. Friday morning—Handel's "Messiah." Friday evening—Grand dress ball. The influence of the accomplished conductor, Mr. Benedict, may be traced in this truly magnificent programme.

M. FELIX GODEFROID, the celebrated harpist, left England for Brussels on Saturday, accompanied by M. Jules de Ghimes, the fashionable and well-known conductor. M. Godefroid will return to England next March—M. Jules de Ghimes in the autumn.

HERR GOLDBERG, who made so favourable a sensation as a vocalist at Mr. Blagrove's last concert, has left for Paris, but will return early in the autumn. Herr Goldberg has a baritone voice of fine quality, and is, moreover, a good pianist, and an excellent musician.

WEBER.—At the suggestion of the composer, Meyerbeer, a representation of *Euryanthe* took place at the opera in Berlin, in aid of the funds dedicated to the monument to be erected to the memory of Weber. The result was brilliant and lucrative. Not so a recent performance at München, with the same object in view, which produced no more than fifty pounds, after defraying the necessary expenses.

VIENNA.—At one of the churches here, a *Preghiera* has been recently performed with great *colat*, the composition of Dlle. Constance Gedger, a young lady of nine years of age.

PHILHARMONIC.—The following gentlemen were elected directors for the next season:—Messrs. Anderson, W. S. Bennett, James Calkin, J. H. Griesbach, Howell, Lucas, and Potter. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Calkin were re-elected honorary treasurer and librarian, Mr. W. Watts, secretary, and Mr. Goodwin copyist and sub-librarian. Mr. Potter has since, however, declined serving, and Mr. McMurdie is elected in his place.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER will not have much longer to wait, the delay has been inevitable.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.—Messrs. LAVINGTON—CARTE—HORNCASTLE—F. EAMES—VICKERS—W. V. WALLACE—SIXTO PEREZ—FRENCH (Rochester)—Miss K. DE BOLIVIA—Messrs. HORWOOD—HENRY RUSSELL—DUFFIELD—RUST—CALKIN AND BUDD—JULIAN ADAMS—E. FOWLER—FROMSHIER—REED.

Mr. MOLINEUX, the error must lie with the Post, since the numbers were despatched as usual.

M. C. SMITH, the number was forwarded to the Parsonage.

Mr. W. V. Wallace's works—Mrs. Kirkman's "Elementary Principles of Harmony"—The "Transposing Pianoforte"—The "Geometrical Pianoforte"—Mozart's "Cantatas" edited by G. A. Macfarren—and several other reviews and articles of interest are in type.

Advertisements.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

CHARLES MITCHELL,

Late of 13, Southampton Row, Russell Square, and 28, New Bond Street, Music Seller. Died on the 30th of January last, after a long and severe illness, leaving his Daughters in a state of abject misery and want, being totally unprovided for; they have endeavoured to obtain a livelihood by needlework, but unfortunately have failed to do so; and in consequence of an accident which occurred to one of them some years ago, by a carriage running over her and dislocating her collar bone, she is totally unfit for any domestic work. The aid of the benevolent is therefore earnestly solicited to save them from the pangs of starvation. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Messrs. EWER & Co., Music Sellers, Newgate Street, City; and by the applicants, 4, Hull's Terrace, York Road, St. Luke's.

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STRING COVERER, of Holloway, having been entrusted with the secret for preparing these Strings, as used by the late Signor Paganini, in his wonderful performance (by his only pupil, the Signor Sivori), now begs to offer them most respectfully to professors, amateurs, and the public at large, as a desideratum, uniting a softness and brilliancy of tone, surpassing every other string in present use, and as one of the greatest improvements in the art.

J. D. has also prepared 3rds and 4ths, Violoncello, on the same principle, with plated wire, which he can confidently recommend. Testimonials from the most distinguished British and Foreign professors may be seen at the manufacturer's. May be had at Messrs. Cooke and Co., New Burlington Street; Purdy and Fend's, Oxendon Street; Monro and May, Holborn Bars; Turner, Foultry; and at the Manufacturer's, Image Cottage, Holloway.

THE SEQUENTIAL SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION.

Mr. ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE, Inventor of the above system, will deliver the concluding two, of a course of four lectures on the subject, on Tuesday, August 5, and Thursday, August 7, at Blagrove's Rooms, 71, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, commencing at half-past eight o'clock. Each lecture will be complete in itself. Single tickets, to admit to any one of the lectures, two shillings each, to be secured at the rooms of the principal music-sellers, and of Mr. Wallbridge, 7, Craven Street, Strand.

MASTER RIPPON, THE INFANT PIANIST.

The public are respectfully informed that the extraordinary Infant Pianist, Master H. H. F. Rippon, under eight years of age, has just arrived in London, and will make his first appearance, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday Evening, August 6th, when he will play from Handel, Mozart, Thalberg, Herz, Berger, &c., assisted by some of the most eminent members of the Profession. Full particulars at the principal Music Shops.

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For the Piano Forte, in which is introduced
TWO NEW WALTZES AND GRAND MARCH,
BY J. COHAN

The two waltzes are arranged to be performed thus:—the first alone, then the second alone, afterwards the two together, concluding with the two together in the left hand, while a brilliant variation is performed by the right hand.
"The introduction is very effective; the two waltzes are not only dance-compelling, but evince great excellence, combined with brilliancy, while the grand march, which constitutes the finale, is full of novel and striking ideas. This fantasia may take the foremost rank amongst those which have issued from Mr. Cohan's musical mint; it will prove a rich treat for the amateur, and a desideratum to the advanced student.—*Era*.

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London: Published by the Author, at his residence, 26, SOHO SQUARE, where may be had all the other compositions of Mr. COHAN, also his terms for lessons on the piano forte.

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"The Songs of Home,"	Ditto.
"If haunted by some radiant dream"	E. Reade, Esq.
"The Peri,"	Ditto.
"Italia Bella Italia,"	Haynes Bayly.
"Go and roam through the world"	Anon.
"O sing to me,"	Reynolds.
"Go where the water glideth gently ever"	Anon.
"The Mariner's Home,"	Anon.
"Loved Friend,"	Byron.
"The Athenian Maid," Piano Forte.	Byron.

As great complaints have been made of the want of words that may be given to pupils, the composer has published the above excellent arrangements of his songs, with the hope they may be of use to the instructor and pupil.

All applications will be attended to and a list of other compositions sent, on application to Mr. Millar (Teacher of Singing), 13, Old Sidney Place, Bath, or the songs may be obtained of D'Almaine, Chappell, Cramer and Addison, Boosey and Co., Ewer, &c.

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BOYCE	If we believe that Jesus died. Verse anthem for alto and bass, with chorus	1 6
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BOYCE	By the waters of Babylon. Full anthem, with verse, for two trebles, alto, tenor, and bass	2 0
	Vocal score	2 6
BOYCE	I have surely built thee an house. Verse anthem for three voices, alto, tenor, and bass, with chorus	1 9
	Vocal score	2 6
BIRD	Bow thine ear. Full anthem for five voices, treble, alto, two tenors, and bass	1 3
	Vocal score	2 0
BLOW	I was in the Spirit. Verse anthem for alto, tenor, and two basses, with chorus	1 9
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BLOW	I beheld, and lo! a great multitude. Verse anthem for alto, tenor, and two basses, with chorus	2 0
	Vocal score	3 0
CROFT	God is gone up with a merry noise. Full anthem for six voices, with verse, for two trebles, two altos, tenor, and bass	1 6
	Vocal score	2 6
CROFT	Put me not to rebuke, O Lord. Full anthem for four voices	1 6
	Vocal score	2 6
CREIGHTON..	I will arise. Four voices	
CHILD	O pray for the peace of Jerusalem. Four voices	
CHILD	Praise the Lord. Four voices	2 0
FARRANT	Lord, for the tender mercies' sake. Four voices	
FARRANT	Hide not thou thy face. Four voices	
	Vocal scores of the above, five anthems, is each	
GIBBONS.....	Hosanna to the Son of David, full anthem for six voices, two treble, two alto, tenor, and bass	1 6
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	O clap your hands, full anthem for eight voices	1 0
	Vocal score	1 0
	Almighty and everlasting God, full anthem for four voices	1 0
	Vocal score	
MOZART	Have Mercy, O Lord; bass, solo, and chorus (<i>ne pulvis</i>)	2 0
	Vocal score	3 0
PURCELL	O give thanks, verse anthems for four voices, with chorus, treble, alto, tenor, and bass	2 3
	Vocal score	3 0
	O sing unto the Lord, verse anthem for four voices, with chorus, treble, alto, tenor, and bass	2 0
	Vocal score	6 0
	They that go down to the sea in ships, verse anthem for alto and bass, with chorus	2 3
	Vocal score	4 0
	Thy word is a lantern, verse anthem for alto, tenor, and bass, with chorus	2 3
	Vocal score	2 0
	O God thou art my God, full anthem, with verse for five voices, two treble, alto, tenor, and bass	3 0
	O God thou hast cast us out, full anthem, with verse for six voices, two trebles, two altos, tenor, and bass	
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